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THE SACRIFICE,

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1814.

SOME twenty-five years since, the banks of the noble Penobscot presented a somewhat different though scarcely less lovely view to the traveller, than at the present time. The flourishing city of Bangor was then but a little village and had long been nothing more than a couple of farms with a little wooden store—(in the parlance of the unlettered inhabitants) at the *Pint*, and Mr. B—— of ghost and goblin memory, went out and in daily, before their natural eyes that never doubted his materiality: but Bangor or its inhabitants have little to do with my story; so with the reader's permission I will take him at once to Hampden, the calmest, coolest and dreamiest place in the world for aught I know, and what is more strange, though improved, it is scarcely altered from what it was at the time of which I speak; so that if the reader take a Steam Boat trip down east next summer, which by the by I advise him to do, he can probably identify most of the "particular spots" of my narrative.

I think it was in July 1814 that the frigate John Adams, commanded by Captain now Commodore Morris, heavily laden with prize goods, ran aground on an Island in Penobscot bay, and received so much injury as to render it necessary that she should be repaired. She accordingly sailed up the river to Hampden, where she was shortly joined by the ship Perkins of Castine, which place the English had taken, and as the port entirely commanded the entrance of the river, thereby placed the town in a state of blockade. Not long after the commencement of this state of things, on a beautiful afternoon, a small party of officers requested permission of Capt. Morris to go on shore and take a ramble. Permission was soon obtained and they started off for an adventure, after deliberating for a short time on the shore they unanimously concluded—in their own phrase—to beat over the fields to the "high-heads" and take a view of the surrounding country. They soon reached the de-

sired elevation and found themselves in mid air above their vessel which they had just left below: "what a capital spot for a defence," exclaimed Cyril Stearns who was one of the party, "if the rascally British should come up we might send their fleet to the bottom from this elevation." "Aye," answered one of his companions, "but you forget that we shall not be here if they do come as the Capt. has determined to burn both the Adams and the Perkins rather than they should fall into the hands of the enemy, and it would be impossible to defend them with but 200 men, (and none on the shore to back us) against a fleet." "Yonder is a considerable settlement rejoined Cyril and here and there a pretty cottage, I see no reason why a platoon of musket bearers might not be raised here."

"Aye there are people here and brave ones too, but there is deception somewhere."

"I believe you, replied Cyril and Capt. Morris expresses his firm belief that he may expect no co-operation for defence upon the land, a rascally affair! but hush! music! 'tis from that sweet cottage in the glen, who would have thought of hearing a Piano and Flute both in one house, in this north corner of the world." They now stood still to listen and heard in a melodious female voice the fragment of a song.

"It is she herself: it is my own Eveline," exclaimed Stearns, his face flushed with agitation. "Who, what! tell us all about it and we'll help you to run away with your beloved if you give the word," exclaimed all together. "Well," said Cyril, for a sailor is an open hearted fellow, "you are all my friends and promise me that you will be faithful and true and I *will* tell you all about it." The promise was eagerly given and he began—"My sister Carry you know, whom I have promised to you, Carter; well when she was staying her three years at that old French boarding school in Charlestown, which they call a Convent, I used to go to see her every time I came within fifty miles. The second time I went she managed at parting to slip a billet into to my hand—for an old governess used always to stay in the room when I called, probably for fear my sister and I should use some improper familiarity—and in it she told me that she had a particular friend at the school with whom she wished to make me acquainted, and informed me that at the bottom of the garden there was a breach in the wall behind the trees, and that she wished me to come there at 4 the ensuing afternoon, and soldier-like scale the wall; and I should find herself with her friend hard by, without a cross old maid for a witness.

"I was delighted with the idea, and repaired to the gap in the wall, clambered over it, found the ladies, made my best bow to the stranger, and fell in love of course; and she was worth falling in love with—fair, graceful, black eyes that seemed to look at your heart instead of your

face, cheeks with just carnation enough to show how well nature's vermilion would become them, and a voice—but you have just heard that, and with the help of my good angel, you shall see her face, and judge for yourselves. We soon understood each other, for young girls who live entirely secluded from intercourse with our sex, have susceptible feelings and true and devoted hearts too. O I would not give a cent for the heart of your town girl with her dear 500 agreeable countenances and *particular friends*, to divide her affections with your respectable connections, your genteel establishment, and the cut of your coat, and her love, pshaw! I had rather have a supper of saw dust—but I am digressing. Eveline, for that is her name informed me that she was an orphan with no relatives to her knowledge except an uncle who was her guardian; that her father had died when she was an infant, and her mother had been dead five years, at which time her uncle had placed her under the care of Madam Dupin, where he occasionally visited her, and had expressed his intention of taking her to his home when she became 18: that the most she knew of him was that he was a foreigner by birth, a high Tory and despised the rebels, as he called the Americans; and had forbidden her upon pain of his unmitigable wrath, to form an intimacy, or even acquaintance, with any one, whose views did not agree with his own, and what was more singular than all, he had never informed her of his residence, farther than that he lived in a rose embowered cottage hard by a little village of Down East. I had no difficulty in eliciting an acknowledgment of attachment to me and even of obtaining her promise to love me, and me only forever, and to be mine eventually, if we both should live; but for the present she desired me to discontinue my visits, and not even write to her, for said she with her sweet confidence and artlessness, "I would not disobey him until I know it to be my *duty* to do so, and for the present it certainly is not." I could not disobey *her* for I worshipped her, and so we parted. When after a long absence, I returned, she was gone; her uncle had taken her away, but she had promised to write to Carry, and had left me a lock of her hair," which he drew from his bosom and pressed reverently to his lips. "And now I have found and must see her, but how? if I go to the house Eveline will betray herself for she is no actress, at least was none with me, and then she will be locked up 'til I am out of the country—what shall we do?"

After some discussion it was agreed that Stearns, with two of his companions should remain in ambush on the hill, while his most confidential friend, Ned Howland, should go down to the cottage and scrape acquaintance with the old gentleman; and if possible deliver to the young lady a leaf of her lovers pocket book, on which he had written that he was in the vicinity and *must see her* by some means or other,

and concluded with subscribing himself "ever her own adoring, C. S."

Eveline had concluded her song and was rising from the instrument, when her uncle exclaimed, "O a march—not tired yet I hope : my flute goes well to-day, and as we shall probably have military music worth the name here soon, I would like to anticipate it in one of your best marches."

Eveline's eyes filled with tears for she was a true little Republican, and understood her guardians meaning, but she made no reply, and turning to a favorite march, pushed the music towards him, and commenced. "Bravely done," exclaimed the old knight as they closed—"I would challenge even the Royal Musicians to beat that, but we shall soon have an opportunity of judging their execution I reckon." "Dear uncle," asked Eveline, "you do not think seriously that the British will come up the river do you?" "Think! I think they will be fools if they do not: of course they will not grudge the trouble of helping themselves to those pretty ships behind the hill yonder." "But Uncle I have heard you say that with the local facilities for defence, the Adams, with the assistance of the people on shore, might defend the passage of the river against a fleet." "Very true Madamosielle, but the people will not do that 'little thing,' they will be better instructed."

But here their conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door. Miss Eveline rose hastily and seated herself at her work, on the opposite side of the room, and the next moment Old Polly who had been house-keeper, *help* and right hand man in the family from time immemorial, announced a "gentleman your honor." The gentleman stepped forward and laid down his card—"Lieut. Howland of the frigate Adams." "I beg pardon sir for this intrusion, but the beautiful appearance of your garden induced me to call to ask a boquet of flowers." "Certainly sir," replied the cidevant Col., with his best bow; not a bad one by the by—"my garden and myself are at your service, Lieut. Howland, but you will do me the honor to be seated and take a glass of wine. My niece, Miss Hamlen, Lieut. Howland." "Getting on swimmingly," thought Howland, as he seated himself and entered into conversation with his host. After a glass of Champagne brought and served by the aforesaid Polly, and a half an hour's chat, Lieut. Howland rose to retire, and the Col. without asking his niece to accompany them, led the way to the garden; but as Howland turned to bid the lady "good afternoon," he put his finger to his lips and threw the billet on the carpet at her feet.

Eveline seized the paper and opened it with all a woman's curiosity, and to tell the truth was delighted with its contents, for she had been nearly a year separated from the few friends her childhood had known: and debarred by her uncle's aristocratic habits, as well as by his political

principles, from forming new acquaintances, and she had nothing to do but to sing and play to him, when sing and play she must; and read the love-lorn romances of the 17th century, and think of *her* lover, when she might: and now he was near, faithful and true as ever, and should she not see him? She did stop to reason against the step, although without reflection she knew that her guardian would never forgive her if he should discover it—but she thought of his hints, and her fears induced her to take some step to convey the necessary information that there was something going on which she might prevent by communicating through her dear Cyril Stearns, to Capt. Morris, and thus do her country, which she loved with a Brutus' devotion, an acceptable service. She therefore retired hastily to her chamber. And when after walking all over the garden which was really very beautiful, and admiring the shrubs and flowers and receiving from his wily host as many as he could carry, and tying up a choice boquet for "your beautiful niece," Ned Howland could think of no expedient for staying longer, and was walking slowly down, what when I was a child used to be called the old road; his attention was arrested by a neat white billet lying on a flat stone directly in the path-way; he caught it up and found it directed to "Mr. Cyril Stearns second officer on board frigate Adams," and in small characters across the bottom, "politeness of Lieut. Howland." He could not be mistaken in its origin, and turning his head to the ambush of his friends he saw their three heads peeping above the brush-wood to watch its fate. They had seen a shy looking wood-nymph of a girl, in a white frock, with blue slippers and sash, and a multitude of glossy brown curls over her neck and shoulders, scip over a high board fence, at the evident risque of rendering herself visible, and place it there, and when she had accomplished the deed they saw her, as if fearful of returning the way she came, put her head through a hole in the fence, and as handy as a Rabbit, slip her feet through after it, and esconce herself in the corn field adjoining, to see it mailed.

Cyril Stearns knew the nymph—he would have known her among a thousand, for he had her reflected image in his heart, and he would fain have sprung through the field, and over the fence which separated them, and clasped his beloved to his bosom. But prudence forbade him and he hastened away to the spot of his debarkation to meet his friend, and get his letter. It was short, but sweet he thought, for it expressed her joy at his being so near her, and her wish to see him immediately, and permitted him to meet her in the garden that very evening. Having promised his friends to assist them whenever they should be in love, and giving them a general invitation to his wedding when it should happen, Cyril with his companions returned on board their ship.

At the approach of night-fall Stearns sought an interview with his

Commander, and frankly stated his situation, and requested permission to go on shore to meet his lady-love. Capt. Morris was an excellent disciplinarian, and his rules and orders respecting leaving ship after night-fall, were necessarily strict. He however had a high opinion of Stearns' capacity and fidelity and, suspecting as he did the state of things on shore, and as he had always been avoided by the tories and had consequently found it very difficult to procure certain information whereby to direct his movements and plans for the future, he was highly gratified by the intelligence. He fully informed Cyril of his suspicions and directed him to use every endeavor to procure information, the which to communicate to him as soon as practicable, and having reminded him that though he went ostensibly to visit his friend, yet he should never loose sight of his chief business, which was to further the interest and promote the honor of his country; he gave him the permission desired. Stearns was not long in tripping over the short mile between the shore and the cottage, for love has wings somebody has said, and I am inclined to believe it true, for though I never saw them, I have seen their effects, which amounts to a demonstration.

He found his Eveline, and I would describe the meeting, but those who have "been through the mill," can easily imagine it, and those who have not, will I fear, think it either over-wrought or silly, so I shall say nothing about it; but in the conversation which followed she informed him of her suspicions, that her Uncle was in the interest of the enemy, and that though she knew nothing certain, yet she had reason to believe he was not alone—that though he seldom went out himself, he frequently received visitors at night, but she could only suspect their object as he always received them alone in the library, where they conversed in little more than a whisper. She however readily promised to be on the alert for intelligence and watch whatever might transpire and to inform him of her observations when they should again meet which they agreed to do the second evening from that time. Eveline then returned to the pantry window from which she came out, and Stearns having seen her safe hied away to the ship to inform his commander of his success, and here we will leave them and return to the cottage.

The Col. was entertaining his nocturnal visitors in the library at the very same time that his niece was entertaining her visitor in the garden. Eveline knew that they were there, but forbore to mention it to her lover, lest he should take some measures which would endanger his safety, and as they had but just arrived she felt no fear of detection; supposing that her Uncle would be engaged with them for sometime; but in this she was mistaken, for one of them had a distance of 30 miles to ride before morning, and they had only called to complete their com-

plement by adding another name to their list; and having signed the paper and arranged other preliminaries to the satisfaction of all concerned, the Col. as usual showed his friends without a light through the long dark entry and took his leave at the door, where his visitors mounted their horses and rode away. Now it so happened that the Col. had been so much engrossed by the events of the afternoon, and anticipations of the evening that he had taken very little supper, and the burden being now removed, his appetite stepped up and claimed its customary quantum of indulgence. This was a plea to which his honor seldom turned a deaf ear, therefore instead of returning to the Library he softly opened the kitchen door from whence Polly had long since retired, and stepped noiselessly into the Pantry to finish his supper: but he was astonished to find the window wide open, and his first apprehension was that the house had been robbed. His fears however on that score were soon relieved by the voice of his niece conversing in a low key with a man in the garden.

Col. Barlow was a man of determined rather than violent temperament, and as much as he was offended at what he considered an evasion of his authority, as well as a breach of decorum; he thought it expedient to know more of the why and the wherefore before he proceeded to action; he accordingly stepped into a niche formed by one of those ponderous beams which we see in old houses and which formed the margin of the window, and entirely concealed as well by the darkness of the night as by the shadow, he bent his head forward and listened. The voices were now within a short distance and the Col. was preparing to secure the rascal on his approach, and draw him into the window, and had already armed himself with a huge ladle wherewith to do valiantly; when Eveline stopped her lover, "no farther Cyril, you must go no farther, and I will wait here until you are out of the garden." "By no means my beloved," answered the gallant sailor, "I shall first see you into the house and then provide for my own safety." But Eveline had motives of her own; she had no idea of being seen scrambling into a window, and of all the world not by Lieut. Cyril Stearns; so she absolutely vetoed the proposal; but as he as peremptorily refused to retire until she was within and safe she gave him her hand once again and having allowed him to impress *his* farewell upon it, she whispered her own, to which he audibly added, 'til we meet again, she darted from him and the next minute was inside of the window. But the Col. had already determined how to act, and he allowed her to close the window; when taking her slippers in her hand she flew to her chamber with the lightness of a fawn.

The Col. stood like a statue in the niche for some moments after she was gone, when he spoke audibly to himself—"well 'tis plain she'd

seen the rogue before: actress; her countenance never changed, she only colored when he entered, and she's always blushing—that's nothing: come to beg flowers aye and *steal* the one I valued. But I'll cheat the rogues, 'good on their heads,' they'll blow low within eight and forty hours, and in a British ship of war too I'm thinking: and Miss shall go back to her Convent again and take the veil for falling in love against my will, and with an infamous Republican too. O Marie Barlow! once the pride of our house, where was your nobility of blood that could take a plebian yankee to be the father of your child, and the curse is on her head, she is as low as he; *and she shall be none of mine.*"

When Eveline came down at her usual hour the next morning, she was surprised to find her Uncle already in the parlor; he coldly bade her "good morning," and excepting one piercing glance as she turned from him, there was nothing very unusual in his manner. When however they were seated at the breakfast table, he informed her that owing to the unsettled state of the times he had determined on her returning to the Convent by the first suitable conveyance, and as it was improper for any *lady* to be seen abroad at the present time she might consider herself under his commands to remain within doors. "But sure I may go into the garden Uncle," said Eveline. "No the garden is too large for the niece of a gentleman of my family at this time," and he added sarcastically, "if you want flowers Miss Eveline, Polly can bring them to you."

Eveline passed an uncomfortable day for she found that she was not only guarded, but watched, and her chamber was her only sanctuary. She feared that her Uncle had discovered her visit to the garden, and yet she recollected having observed the light in the library at her return. She could do nothing but conjecture, for her Uncle had ceased to converse. She felt unhappy for the past and apprehensive for the future, and her feelings were like those of the Doctor's mother who expressed them by saying "*sometimes I think and then again I don't know.*" My readers will excuse the unclassic quotation—it has more of human nature in it than half the Latin morceau's with which modern compositions are spiced.

Eveline had retired early to her chamber where she had been but a short time, when her Uncle opened the door—"excuse me," said he "I only wished to bid you 'good night,'" and retiring he turned the key. Now, thought Eveline I am a prisoner, and his allowing me to remain comparatively at large during the day, and locking me up by night, is conclusive proof that he has discovered Cyril's visit.

But while men are discouraged, women, are only invigorated, by seeming difficulties and opposition. Eveline who had before only con-

jectured, that things were not as they should be, and *wished* to discover and expose them, now *knew* that a band of traitors were sacrificing the honor of her country, and *determined* to do something. But what that might be, it was not so easy to decide. She however, resolved the whole affair in her mind; examined every point of suspicion, and every occurrence of certainty, and having canvassed the probable chance she might have of conveying information on board the Adams; she determined to wait the occurrences of the following day: and then, as she despaired of an interview with Cyril, on the following evening—to write to him and trust Providence for the conveyance of the letter.

Having now settled her worldly affairs in her mind, she folded her hands on her beautiful bosom, and sent up her thoughts and aspirations to *Him*, who governs the most minute affairs of men; and “seeth even a sparrow fall to the ground”—with all the humble “reliance on a higher power, of a heart uncontaminated by the world,” she composed herself to sleep.

But she was aroused at early dawn, next morning, by the sound of a horseman riding hastily up to the door; she immediately heard her Uncle, who must have watched for his appearance, hurrying down to meet him: and, as her window just turned the corner of that side of the house on which the horseman approached, she noiselessly threw up the sash.

The sun had as yet sent up only the dim forerunner of his glories, and was still reclining on his ocean bed; and listlessly smiling upon the mirror clouds, which hung like a canopy about his rising: all nature was silent and beautiful as Eden’s garden, e’er the first sleep descended upon the father of the world. But the door opened, and Eveline forgot her contemplations in the dialogue which ensued. “Ha! punctual and right early, my good friend Clavers,” said the clear voice of Colonel Barlow; “what news from the bay?” “Just what we wish,” was replied in the deep and subtle tones of Clavers; “they give us all we demand, and weigh their anchors with to-morrow morning star for Bangor, with their prizes.” “Well done, have you reported to the others?” “Yes, and our plans are all matured.” “Then do me the honor to alight, and give yourself and horse some refreshment.” “With pleasure,” answered Clavers; “as there is nothing more to be done now, but to *keep still*:” and they entered the house.

Eveline Hamlen closed the window, and attired herself in less time than it would take a modern Belle to think of dressing; and was at her desk with a white sheet of paper before her, and pen ready dipped, ere she had hardly been conscious of the passing of a moment. The letter was soon written, signed, sealed and directed: but how it was to be delivered, was a much more perplexing question. She had informed her

lover, in a *P. S.* of her expected return to her Convent, and requested him, for her sake, as well as his own, not to attempt to see her before that time : at the same time reminding him, that, for obvious reasons, she or her family would be in no danger from the approach of the invaders. Having secreted the letter about her person, Eveline again threw up the sash and waited for the unlocking of her door. She did not wait long—when in answer to her Uncle's light tap at the door, he remarked, "I heard you up, Eveline, and wished again to remind you of my desire that you should not leave the house. As my friend Mr. Clavers who is here on business, will spend the day, I presume you will find your confinement agreeable. Eveline descended to the breakfast parlor, where she found young Clavers ; who, if he lacked being agreeable, did not lack the effort to be so. It was a beautiful day, and Eveline thought that if she could elude the vigilance of her watch, she might easily reach the high heads ; where she might attract attention from the vessels below, and get her letter conveyed on board. But all her efforts to do so were unavailing : the day wore away—it was already high noon, and the sun was on his downward track, when Eveline's hopes began to fade away.

Disgusted with the cold sternness of her Uncle, and the assiduous attention of Clavers ; she at length retired into the kitchen, to find relief in the kind but unvarnished conversation of Polly. She had not long been in that situation, when the door opened and Benny Wisel walked in ; having given each a nod and a grin, he proceeded to take his accustomed place in the chimney corner, with one hip and its corresponding shoulder leaning against the wall. Benny was what in Scotland, in the days of Rose Bradwardine, was called an *innocent*. His large sleepy looking head, was crowned by a few tangled locks of pale yellow hair ; which hung over his low forehead, almost into a pair of eyes so white and watery, that it almost moved your pity to look at them. Though he had never been in ill health, his skin had the appearance of being very strongly marked with the small pox : having the bumps of display very strongly developed, his ragged clothes were patch work of every rainbow hue, which the poor aspirant for butterfly distinction could procure ; and if Benny was not dressed in uniform, it was not for lack of red and yellow.

But the poor unfortunate was faithful to the few he loved ; Eveline Hamlen was certainly one of them. She had given him food and clothes when he needed, roses when he wished, and kind words always. Many a dreamy evening had Benny laid on the grass under the trees, listened to her music, and felt, notwithstanding his deprivation, very happy. Eveline's determination was soon formed—"it is a desperate hazard," thought she, "but it is my last chance." So having sent Pol-

ly into the garden for roses for Benny's aged mother ; she approached, and showing him the letter told, him whom it was for, and assured him that if he could convey it safely and secretly on board the Adams, he would do her a great favor and should never want a friend.

The sun was slowly sinking to his bed of gold and purple ; the laborers with a look of anxiety which all learned to wear, were slowly returning to their homes. It was a glorious evening, and the officers of the Adams had been allured by its beauty to a promenade on deck. Suddenly their attention was arrested by the form of Benny Wisel, creeping slowly around a point of rock, which, jutting into the water, entirely concealed him from those on shore. Having ascertained by a variety of projections of his head, that he was secure from observation, he commenced. Who-waw ! baw ! come boat, go vessel, &c. ; all the while throwing up his long arms, pointing to his pocket, his mouth, and making a variety of sounds and gestures, equally unintelligible to one unacquainted with him.

"What does the fellow want," exclaimed Capt. Morris : who as well as his officers and men, could not help laughing at his grotesques appearance. "I think," answered Stearns, "he wishes to come on board, and perhaps," he added in a lower tone of voice, to his commander, "he may bring some important intelligence." The order was given, and Benny was soon on deck. He stood still and eyed each officer all over, before he made a movement : then apparently satisfied with his scrutiny he darted like an arrow up to the Captain, and pulling off his red cap, slyly displayed the letter to his view. "Aye, there is the gentleman," said the Captain, and Benny placed the precious deposit into the hands of Stearns ; by whom it was hastily read and then handed to his Commander, who, having carefully perused and reperused it, motioned to his officers and retired with them below.

That was a busy night on ship-board. Orders were given and executed with silence and despatch. Valuables were removed to a place of safety. Every one secured his treasures about him as best he might, and strapped his well stored knapsack upon his shoulders. When the morning first peeped its diamond eye of promise o'er the blue hills of the east ; its beams fell upon a company of hardy mariners, gazing upon the altar-fires of their own proud ships. The signal for a soldier's march—"O'er the hills and far away." O ! it was a thrilling spectacle. The first silver gleam of morning had hardly tinged the eastern sky : the moon was down, but a host of spirit stars were gazing with glowing eyes, on the magnificent morning sacrifice—the glowing beacons of the desperation of men who fought for their country's honor and their own fire-sides. Now the flames seemed wallowing in exhaustion among the crackling and sinking wreck of their own creation : and

anon they threw their fiery arms aloft and wrapped them in a devouring hug of ruin, around the tottering and affrighted masts. Lighting up with an unearthly brilliance the palpitating water beneath, and the country for miles around.

Here, marshalled along the shore, stood the officers and crew, gazing with stern visages upon the conflagration; while with every rock and tree which shadowed the river's banks, they were reflected with the accuracy of a mirror, by the illuminated water below. Now in the background might be seen every house and cottage, with their terrified inmates, bending in their white night robes from the windows; while here and there a man more courageous than the rest, was hastily finishing the doning of his garments, as he burst away from his door and his frightened family, to inquire the cause of such a scene. But they were not long held in suspense, for the alarm guns at the corner were fired off, and as their echoes died away in the western woods, they brought certainty of invasion to every heart that had doubted before.

Then, arose stern disputes in the quarters of those in power: then each patriot buckled on his armor for action. Here might be seen a sturdy little band, collecting near the place whence their orders *should* have come, determined to fight while there was hope. Here a noble patriot was speeding his jaded horses towards Bangor, determined to procure even on his own risque, bread for that spartan band; and yonder, hurrying his herd over the hills to offer them for meat to those who should have been his defenders, came an old man with his white locks streaming in the wind about his ears, into which the sounds of earth had ceased to enter: hearing not and heeding not the British—for they were already advancing—commanding him to halt. On he hurried and comprehended his danger just in time to effect his escape. His high topped hat pierced with bullet holes, is a family memorial to this day.

But the English soon found that they had come on a "Tom Fools errand." The prizes, which they had never dreamed of not towing down river, in their wake, were among the missing; and assuredly the plunder of a few settlers offered no equivalent worth paying so much for, so they marched back to Castine "right valiantly," as they came; and talked of surrender and victory 'til they almost believed they had got the worth of their money. I have heard it reported that they published in England, that among other achievements equally valorous; they burnt a whole fleet of Merchantmen, with one or two ships of the line, in the harbor of the city of Hampden; but their folly and egotism were natural, and wherever servile sycophants of wealth bear rule it needs only the occasion, for their country to be disgraced.

But of him and them, the mercenary and the traitor, I *could* a tale

unfold: but I forbear. Time with his healing wings, has passed o'er the memory of their disgrace. For years the purple violet of forgiveness has bloomed above their graves; then let me not raise the fast falling curtain of oblivion, and expose to the taunts of the world, the picture which in original received its portion of malediction: but let them sleep on and be forgotten: and when the eye of retrospect turns o'er the receding landscape of the past, let the deeds of the noble and the good, be the bright particular spots to attract the eye of emulation, and whisper "even so do ye." But let the traitor, and he with whom gold was an equivalent for honor, sleep undisturbed in the valley of forgetfulness; and only the hollow echo of oblivion answer to the voice of the enquirer, "they are not here."

But of the noble and heroic girl, who had well nigh sacrificed herself on the altar of her country's honor, *her* story is too fair, too beautiful to be recorded here: but she shall not be forgotten, and, on a bright page of the legends of Penobscot, shall, at some future day, be recorded the recollections of the fairest and best of Eve's erring daughters, and the tribute of affection.

INVOCATION TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

From the fair fields beyond the silvery light
Of pearly evening, when the moon beams fall
From thine abode of day, unknown to night,
My soul's friend, hear my call.

Hear, hear me for the love which once thou bore
Thine own—beloved, *still* thine own.
Aye, hear and let a daughter's love have power,
An Angel to call down.

And tell me, for I fain would lift the veil
That hideth thine abode from mortal eye.
Does heaven's light of glory never pale,
I' st blisses' gate to die?

Aye, tell me are the fountains ever pure,
From whence the heavenly streams of water flow?
Do leaves of healing every sorrow cure,
And flowers all thornless grow?

Are there no blighted hopes, affections crushed?
No wounded hearts by love's own cherished riven?
Are music voices ne'er in sorrow hushed;
Are there no tears in Heaven?

None, none, then I would like a golden ray,
That only in its home of light can rest;
Or like the bird that soars to seek the day:
Fly home and be at rest.

Yes, call me home, this vale is sad and cold ;
 Earth's happiness is only gilded woe :
 Thou art not here, and 'tis a weary world ;
 Even now let me go.

Yet stay, are there no ties around thy heart—
 No friends that o'er thy early grave would grieve ;
 No cherished ones from whom thou may'st not part,
 Too dearly loved to leave.

Ah yes ! a treasured few around my soul,
 Have twined themselves, and of its wells drank deep.
 I would not mix one sorrow in *their* bowl ;
 I would not make *them* weep.

Even for their dear sakes, I would not flee
 From ills that flesh is heir to ; but would bear
 My lot unmunuring, and rejoice to be
 A soother of their care.

And thou—when earth's harsh voices all are still ;
 Wilt o'er my pillowed head, deign to bend down,
 And whisper dreams that o'er my soul shall thrill—
 Of lands where thou art gone.

And when my course is ended, and the light
 Of immortality breaks on my view ;
 And I am pressing up the mountain bright :
 The weary valley through—

Then be thou near me ; thou who led'st me up
 Youth's flowery path. O ! unto me be given,
 Life's guardian Angel—death's dark valley's prop
 My usher into Heaven.

NATURAL MAGIC.

THE celebrated Dr. Brewster of Edinburgh, a few years ago, addressed some letters to Sir Walter Scott, on the subject of Natural Magic, or Spectral Illusions. The subject is treated in a learned and philosophical manner. And he shows that many phenomena, which by the common people, have been considered supernatural, may be accounted for by disease, or a nervous temperament, by defect in the organs of seeing and hearing, and by a peculiar state of the atmosphere. We give some of his remarks, which may be new to many, and serve to prevent a supposition of supernatural appearances, in cases not at once easily explained.

“ While the eye has been admired by all, for the beauty of its form, the power of its movements, and the variety of its expression, it has excited the wonder of philosophers, by the exquisite mechanism of its interior, and its singular adaptation to the variety of purposes, which it has to serve. The eye-ball is nearly globular, and about an inch in diameter. It is formed, externally, by a tough opaque membrane, called the *sclerotic* coat, which forms the white of the eye, with the exception of a small circular portion in front called the *cornea*. This portion is perfectly transparent, and so tough in its nature as to afford a powerful

resistance to external injury. Immediately within the *cornea*, and in contact with it, is the *aqueous* humour, (a clear fluid) which occupies only a small part of the front of the eye. Within this humour is the *iris*, a circular membrane with a *hole* in its centre, and called the *pupil*. The *color* of the eye resides in this membrane, which has the curious property of contracting and expanding so as to diminish or enlarge the pupil; an effect which human ingenuity has never been able even to imitate. Behind the *iris* is suspended the *crystalline lens*, in a fine transparent capsule (or bag) of the same form with itself. It is then succeeded by the *vitreous humour*, which resembles the transparent white of an egg, and fills up the rest of the eye. Behind the vitreous humour, there is spread out on the inside of the eye-ball a fine delicate membrane, called the *retina*; which is an expansion of the *optic nerve*, entering the back of the eye and communicating with the brain.

“There are few persons aware, when they look on with one eye, that there is some particular object before them, to which they are entirely *blind*. If we look with the right eye, this point is about fifteen degrees to the right of the object we are viewing; or to the right of the axis of the eye, or the point of most distinct vision. If we look with the left eye, the point is as far to the left. To be convinced of this curious fact, place two colored wafers on a sheet of white paper, at the distance of three inches, and look at the left hand wafer with the right eye at the distance of about twelve inches, taking care to keep the eye strait above the wafer, and the line which joins the eyes parallel to the line which joins the wafers, when this is done and the left eye is closed, the right hand wafer will no longer be visible. The same effect will be produced, if we close the right eye and look with the left eye at the right hand wafer. When we examine the *retina* to discover to what part of it this insensibility to light belongs, we find that the image of the invisible wafer has fallen on the base of the optic nerve, or the place where this nerve enters the eye, and expands itself to form the retina.

“There is another illusion of the eye, more general in its effects and more important in its consequences. When the eye is steadily occupied in viewing a particular object, or when it takes a fixed direction while the mind is occupied with an engrossing topic of speculation or grief, it suddenly loses sight of, or becomes blind to, objects seen indirectly, or upon which it is not fully directed. This takes place whether we use one or both eyes; and the object which disappears will reappear without any change in the position of the eye, while other objects will vanish and revive in succession without any apparent cause. If a sportsman, for example, is watching with intense interest the motions of one of his dogs, his companion, though seen with perfect clearness by indirect vision, will vanish; and the light of the heath or of the sky will close in upon the spot which he occupied.

“Effects still more remarkable are produced in the eye when it views objects which are difficult to be seen from the small degree of light, with which they happen to be illuminated. The imperfect view which we have of such objects, induces us to fix the eye more steadily upon them; but the more exertion we make to ascertain what they are, the greater difficulties we encounter to accomplish our object. The eye is thrown into a state of painful agitation: the object swells and contracts, and partly disappears: and again becomes visible when the eye recovers from the delirium into which it has been thrown.

“This illusion is likely to be most strong in the dark, when there is

only light enough to render white objects faintly visible ; and to persons who are either timid or credulous often proves a source of alarm. The reason is, that the *pupil* expands nearly the whole width of the *iris* in order to collect the feeble light which prevails ; but in this state, the eye cannot accommodate itself to see near objects distinctly, so that the forms of persons and things become more shadowy and confused when they are within the distance, in which we think we can have the best view of them. These affections of the eye are frequent causes of a particular class of apparitions seen at night by the young and ignorant."

An ocular illusion occurred to Dr. Brewster while writing on the subject. Perhaps his imagination aided in the deception. "On directing my eyes to the candles standing before me, (he says) I was surprised to observe, apparently in my hair, and nearly strait above my head, and far without the range of vision, a distinct image of one of the candles, inclined about forty-five degrees to the horizon. The image was distinct and perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass, though less brilliant ; and the position of the image proved that it must be formed by reflection from a perfectly flat and highly polished surface. But where such a surface could be placed, and how, (even if it were fixed) it could reflect the image of the candle up through my head, were difficulties not a little perplexing. Thinking it might be something lodged in the eye-brow, I covered it up from the light ; but the image still retained its place. I then examined my eye-lashes with as little success ; and was driven to the extreme supposition, that a crystallization was taking place in some part of the aqueous humour of the eye ; and that the image was formed by the reflection of the light of the candles from one of the crystalline faces. In this state of uncertainty and anxiety (for the last supposition was not a very agreeable one,) I set myself down to examine the phenomenon experimentally. I found the image varied its place by the motion of the head and of the eye-ball ; which proved that it was either attached to the eye-ball, or occupied a place where it was affected by that motion ; upon inclining the candle at different angles, the image suffered corresponding variations of position. To determine the exact place of the reflecting substance, I took an opaque circular body and held it between the eye and the candle till it eclipsed the mysterious image. By bringing the body nearer and nearer to the eye-ball till its shadow became sufficiently distinct to be seen, it was easy to determine the locality of the reflection, because the shadow of the opaque body must fall upon it whenever the image of the candle was eclipsed. In this way, I ascertained that the reflecting body was in the upper eye-lash ; and I found that, in consequence of being disturbed, it had twice changed its inclination, so as to represent a rational candle in a horizontal position, and afterwards in an inverted position. But I sought for it in vain, till Mrs. B. who has the perfect vision of short-sighted persons, after several examinations, discovered between two eye-lashes a minute speck ; which, on being removed with some difficulty, was found to be a chip of red wax not above the hundredth part of an inch in diameter, and having its surface so perfectly flat and so highly polished that I could see it in the same image of the candle, by placing it very near the eye. This chip of wax had no doubt started into my eye when breaking the seal of a letter."

Dr. Brewster relates several cases of illusion, one of the ear and the others of the eyes, in a lady of his acquaintance, which are very inter-

esting, and we add them here. The lady was the wife of a learned man; and was also herself a person of strong and cultivated mind, though of a delicate constitution, and a highly nervous or sensitive temperament. And being aware of other similar cases of illusion, she was not so alarmed and distressed, as an illiterate woman would have been. The first illusion to which the lady was subject affected the *car*. In December eighteen hundred and thirty, about four o'clock, P. M. she was standing near the fire in the hall, and just going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, her husband's voice calling her by name, "—— ——— come here, come here to me." She imagined he was calling her at the door, to have it opened; but on going to the door and opening it, she was surprised to find no one there. When she returned to the fire, she heard the same voice calling out distinctly and loudly, "—— ——— come, come here." She then opened two other doors of the same room, and seeing no person, returned to the fire place. After a few minutes she heard the same voice still calling, "Come to me, come, come away," in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly "where are you? I don't know where you are:" still supposing he was somewhere searching for her; but receiving no answer, she shortly went up stairs. On the return of her husband, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why he called her so often, and where he was: and she was greatly surprised to learn, that he had not been near the house at the time. A similar illusion occurred to this lady, a few years after, and when she was in good health. She heard a voice, calling her repeatedly by name, and she was wholly unable to account for it.

"Another illusion (spectral) occurred to the same lady, a few years later, which was more alarming. She came from her chamber into the drawing room (about four o'clock, P. M. the last of December,) which she had quitted only a few minutes before, and on entering the room, she saw her husband, as she supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he returned so soon. The figure looked at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing him absorbed, she sat down in an arm chair near the fire, and within two feet of the figure, which she still saw standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, after a few minutes, why don't you speak? The figure immediately moved towards the window, at the farther end of the room, with its eyes gazing on her, and it passed so close to her that she was surprized in not hearing any step or sound. She was now convinced that it was not her husband; but instead of giving in to great alarm, she was satisfied it was a spectral illusion. This appearance was in bright day light, and lasted four or five minutes.

"On another occasion her husband was present when the phantasm appeared, which was January, eighteen hundred thirty, about ten o'clock in the evening, when they were sitting in the drawing room. Mr. A. took up the poker to stir the fire, and while doing it, Mrs. A. exclaimed, "why, there's the cat in the room!" "Where," asked Mr. A. "There, close to you," replied Mrs. A. "Where?" he repeated. "Why, on the rug, to be sure, between yourself and the coal-scuttle." Mr. A. pushed the poker in the direction mentioned, when Mrs. A. cried, "take care, take care, you are hitting her with the poker." Mr.

A. again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied, "why, sitting up there close to your feet on the rug. She is looking at me. It is kitty; come here, kitty." There were two cats in the house, but seldom in the drawing-room, and the name of one was Kitty. All this time, Mrs. A. had no idea that this was an illusion. She was asked to touch it, and she rose for the purpose, and seemed as if she was pursuing something. She followed a few steps, and then said, "it is gone round the chair." Mr. A. assured her it was an illusion; but she would not believe it. He then lifted up the chair and Mrs. A. saw nothing more of it. The room was then thoroughly searched, but nothing could be found.

"About a month after this occurrence Mrs. A. who had taken rather a fatiguing ride through the day, was preparing for bed at eleven o'clock, and, sitting before the glass, was arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake: while thus occupied, she was startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relation, then in Scotland, and in good health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave clothes, closely pinned round the head and under the chin, and though the eyes were open the features were solemn and rigid. Mrs. A. described herself as at the time sensible of a feeling like what we conceive of fascination, compelling her for a time to gaze on this melancholy apparition, which was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be; the light of the candles on the dressing tables appearing to shine fully on its face. After a few minutes she turned to look for the reality of the figure over her shoulder; but it was not visible, it had also disappeared from the glass, when she again looked in that direction.

"In March after, when Mr. A. had been about a fortnight from home, Mrs. A. often heard him moving near her. Almost every night, as she lay awake, she heard sounds like his breathing hard on the pillow near her. On another occasion, during his absence, while riding with a neighbor, she heard her husband's voice frequently as if she were riding by his side. She also heard the tramp of his horse's feet, and was almost puzzled by hearing him address her at the same time with the gentleman who was really in company. His voice made remarks on the scenery, improvements, &c. There was, however, on this occasion no visible apparition."

Dr. Brewster relates other similar instances of illusions, which occurred in the case of this lady—and he says, "The high character and intelligence of the lady, and the station of her husband in society and as a man of learning and science, would authenticate the most marvellous narrative, and satisfy the most scrupulous mind, that the above cases have been philosophically and faithfully described. It is important to know the state of this lady's health at the time she was under these delusions. During the time when the two first happened, she was considerably reduced and weakened by a troublesome cough; and this weakness was increased by omitting her accustomed tonic. Her health was never very strong, and it was evident that her long indisposition arose from a disordered state of the digestive organs. She also had a morbidly sensitive imagination, which so painfully affected her, that the account of pain and suffering in any one, produced pain to her in corresponding parts."

We have been led thus to speak on this subject, and to quote largely

from Dr. Brewster, one of the first philosophers (either theoretical or practical) in England or Scotland, for the benefit of the feeble and the timid, who may be liable to similar hallucinations. It will be seen that they are not supernatural; and to avoid them, a sound mind, a good conscience, and bodily health are necessary.

American Magazine.

SONG.

O COME my love and listen,
Unto me—
E'er the tears of eve shall glisten
On the tree.
While the peasant is reclining
And the sun's last rays are shining,
And the day its crown's resigning—
Come to me.
Come, while the world is lying
Down to rest;
And ocean's breeze is sighing,
On his breast.
While the evening bells are ringing,
And the birds good-night are singing,
And the scene around is bringing
Visions blest.
And we will talk of Heaven,
Far on high—
Where never shade of evening
Flitted by.
Where is beauty ever glowing,
And the streams of life are flowing,
And the flowers of love still blowing—
Never die.

DRESS AND MANNERS FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

"AT this time, June, seventeen hundred and eighty-two, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen—the latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet, one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk; a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.

It was a general practice in genteel families, to have a tankard of punch made in the morning, and placed in a cooler, when the season required it. Visitors were invited to partake of it. At this visit, Hancock took from the cooler, standing on the hearth, a full tankard; drank first himself and then offered it to those present."

Letters on Public Characters.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

AGAIN the momentous subject of *Female Education* is upon the carpet; in truth this is a popular theme, and it is well: for it is one in which our interest should never flag. It is a subject of paramount importance to our country's well being—more important *perhaps* than the next Presidential contest, or even any political contest at the present day: for are we not a majority? and is not our influence *unitedly* stronger and wider than even the Hydra headed Bank? Or what is far more efficient in good or evil, Executive Patronage? Truly it is so, for is not our happiness the happiness of more than half of the fifteen millions? Aye, and more, for in our happiness is involved the happiness of full six of the remaining seven and a half millions: for not more than one and a *half* in that number, even of the Yankee nation, are deficient in heart “and conscience and all that sort of thing.” But jesting apart—we took up our pen to review and answer the last essay upon the subject, by ‘C. A.’ in the Penobscot Freeman.

‘C. A.’ takes up the subject not in its own merits, but in defence of another. Verily the Lady of Bangor is enviably situated: capable of defending her own opinions, and when wearied with the exertion, there is not wanting one to hold up her hands and cry “misapprehension.” But we still see no proof of misapprehension, and we stand upon our declared opinions, that love of approbation and *not* display is the moving spring of action, with the far greater part of the young females of this country. But says ‘C. A.’ “love of approbation in *excess*, leads to display.” That may be true; but because the southern Avenue in this City leads to Hampden, does it follow that the southern Avenue is Hampden? or because imagination may make of an otherwise sensible person, a visionary theorist, that imagination of itself is an evil? Certainly we think *not*—nor do we think the love of approbation other than a noble and ennobling motive of action; or we would ask if she disapproves of display, as she wisely does, and of love of approbation as leading thereto; and pretends to discountenance a spirit of rivalry? We would ask what incentive would she have? for people do not and will not act without a motive. We know of none left except self-love, and we will not suppose that a spirit of selfishness as the only incentive to action, would meet her approbation: at least it would not ours. But to return to her objections to love of approbation, as a motive for action. C. A. asks “*where is the essential difference between the love of approbation, and the desire of rendering one's self attractive.*” We will acknowledge that we blush to hear that question asked by an American lady. Where the difference between wishing to *merit* the respect and esteem of the noble and the good? of filling our place in society, and of being benefactors to our kind? and of being admired and caressed, and thought handsome? Where the difference between wishing for and receiving the respect and love of a husband worthy of a return of such sentiments, and the honor and affection of children that have risen up to call her blessed; and being a gaudily dressed belle, full of vanity in youth and vexation of spirit in age; of living and breathing only in the atmosphere of flattery, and that too from shallow pated coxcombs? Is there no difference in all this? if ‘C. A.’ can discover

none, we will present a still stronger case. Is there no difference between wishing for and receiving the approbation of our Maker, of our own heart? of lying down at the close of a well spent day, in the approbation of our own hearts, and confidently conscious of the love and approbation of our God? and giving up our spirit at the close of a well spent life, in the assurance that the God who gave and has supported it, still loves and will receive his own again? and wearing out our days in endeavors to be *attractive*? and of being thought gay, handsome, elegantly dressed, and winning applause from the thoughtless, that when won is dross, and at length dying as a fool dieth, and being forgotten? Is there no difference here I ask? Then there is no difference between good and evil—light and darkness—wisdom and folly. But there is a difference—aye, and a broad one too; one that will be felt when this world and its vanities are remembered only as a forgotten dream, and the interminable ages of eternity are rolling on; a difference broad as the lake between the doomed and the bosom of Abraham, and lasting as the anguish of the worm that dieth not. This is indeed a momentous subject—momentous as it relates to time, and awful in its bearing upon eternity.

But to return—‘C. A.’ acknowledges that the education which will “enable us to dispense happiness and be capable of usefulness, is all that is necessary, as far as it respects this life.” But she adds, “we have other duties to perform, besides those we owe to our fellow men.” Aside from our duties to our God, I know of none. What said he who spake as never man spake, when asked for a rule by which to square a life? “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.” He said nothing of self; nothing of earthly science, as a preparation for Heaven. Ah! how weak and short-sighted is human nature: to suppose, even for a moment, that any earthly science could make us more fit for the presence of God. But we do not discountenance the acquisitions of science—far from it; we respect their attainment, and love them in themselves. But we deny their attainment to be a duty, or that they have ought to do with a future state of existence: they are earthly pleasures, and those of the most elevated kind; and *was* “this earth our home,” I would say revel in their attainment, drink deep of the pierian spring and leave not its brink, ’til the lamp of life is extinguished forever. But this world is not our home, and therefore I would say, beware how you devote the precious time which belong to duties in reference to eternity; to the noblest, and when once tasted, the most bewitching of *earthly* pleasures.

I am aware that the doctrine has often been taught, and that uncontradicted, that the science and literature of this world adorn and enlarge the mind, with reference to eternity: but the position is so contradictory to the light of revelation, if not of reason; that I can only suppose that it has been granted only through want of investigation. The things which concern an after state, we generally consider under the head of religion; and christian nations, the world over, take the Bible and that only, for their foundation and guide; and no where in *that* book, is the cultivation of earthly science enjoined or even recommended, as a preparation for Eternity, and we are even assured on the authority of holy writ, that not many wise are chosen: that, in the light of religion, the wisdom of this world is but foolishness; and think you that if earthly science had been necessary to religion, the Saviour of the world would have chosen his apostles among the fishermen of Galilee? and that too when learning and science were no strangers in the land in which he sojourned? Or would he not have taught them, if earthly science had been necessary to the enlightening of their minds? Yet no such

teachings are upon record. They are even enjoined to know only Jesus Christ, and him crucified. But where arguments might be found multiplied, they are not needed : every one must be convinced, that the light which in the twinkling of an eye can transform weak and short sighted mortals into Angels, and the spirits of just men *made perfect*; needs no earthly assistance to complete its work. Ah no ! there will be none unlearned in Heaven.

Let us not be *misapprehended*. Though we deny that any earthly science has ought to do with a *future state* ; yet we would not the less advocate its acquisition, as far as is consistent with our situation, and our *duties* in life and for life. Let youth be devoted to the acquisition of knowledge : and let it be such as they will need when they come on to the active stage of life—let the mind be well disciplined ; and beyond the branches which it is necessary for every one to be acquainted with. Let them not follow the caprice of their taste. ‘C. A.’ asks “shall the Creator have clothed the Earth in beauty ; spread out the Heavens in grandeur, and filled the elements of air and water with innumerable living beings of exceedingly curious and diversified organization—and woman alone be debarred from this extensive and interesting field of inquiry ?” ‘A. C.’ surely *misapprehended* us, or she would never have supposed we would so debar them ; we certainly would not. The study of nature is unquestionably one of the most rational of pleasures, and one which no one, male or female, need neglect. Nor is there *any* study necessary to the happiness or usefulness of a woman, that she need or should neglect ; and we repeat what we said before, let her be educated for her duties and according to her taste : and let that duty—to her God and to her fellow men ; to her husband and to her children ; to the rising generation at large, be her happiness : and she will merit the plaudit of “well done good and faithful.” Women certainly have influence, boundless influence : nor are they as ‘C. A.’ intimates, ignorant or thoughtless of it—we would that they thought *less* of it : but they are awake. Already is their vanity excited ; and some are calling upon their sisters to arise, and gird on the panoply of masculine science, eat of the tree of knowledge and be as *men* ; knowing good and evil. But we would whisper in their ear, beware ! lest not only ye throw away for but a *sour* apple, a station in society, which is not only the receptacle, but the dispenser of happiness. Or lest those ye love even better than yourselves, shall cease to glory in you ; or even lest our beloved Eden be a Paradise no longer. Why should women—we speak of the many not the few—why should they, by aspiring to *more* than they may accomplish, fail of accomplishing that for which they have given capacities and inclinations, consequently abilities. We said more, but it is not more ; for the proper way of counting benefits is by the happiness they confer : and never woman was happier toiling up the hill of science, far above the sympathy of those she loves ; or surrounded by the Labarynths of Metaphysics, or searching for the forgotten tones of the languages of other days : never woman, busied in such pursuits, was happier than she who meets her husband’s smile of love, her daughter’s affectionate caress, or the noble and tender regard of a son, growing up to be an honor to her who bore him : and who sees in their every look, and feels in her own heart, that it is owing in a great measure to the influence which she has been enabled to exert, that they are what they are. No, no, the proper sphere of woman’s duties is her happiness. Infinite wisdom has ordered it so ; and so it must be. Some there are that are endowed with talents that must be active, energies that must be on the alert, a thirst for the wells of literature, that will not rest satisfied. But they are not the happy, they feel the mind they cannot chain ; and they follow its dictates. They walk boldly up the

hill of science and literature, and common obstacles vanish from their path: they are lights that shine abroad, called gifted and great, and receive the applause of the world. But they often turn and view the sweet valley of peace, from whence they came out, and sigh for the bliss that is reigning there. Their's is the dowry of intellect, given them to shed its effulgence over mankind; but they feel in their heart of hearts that even for the Heaven born gift which they may not refuse, they pay the penalty of happiness. But this is a separate class; these are the few who need no rules, their garden is the world. While that of women in general, is their own circle; their own households, their own family; and the question with regard to the last is, "are they improving in those mental and moral qualifications which shall prepare them to discharge more gracefully, and with more perfect fidelity than did their grand mothers, the ordinary duties of their station in life?" "These," says Mrs. Hale, "are our appropriate duties," and "this our appropriate sphere;" and we may add our appropriate reward, and our appropriate happiness. Is not the toil a toil of pleasure, and is not the reward sufficient? Surely it is, for in the performance of these duties, the action brings its own reward. The consciousness of having done right; the approbation of our own hearts. Is this not a reward? And if to this is added the approbation of those we love, and the approval of our God, it is more than a reward—it is the perfection of earthly happiness.

M. P. C.

THE WIND.

THE wind is up, the mighty wind,
The powerful and the gay;
'Tis o'er the sea and o'er the land,
And o'er the hills away.

The wind is up, the wind is up,
'Tis in the forest now:
It bids the trees throw down their arms,
And lays their honors low.

Ah! courteously the mighty Oak
Bows down his lofty head:
And the tall pines their slender arms,
In consternation spread.

The wind is up, 'tis in the town:
What shall it seize on now?
Shop keepers take your chattels down,
Or they'll be sure to go.

For past experience must have taught,
That you are sure to find;
A ready sale for bad and good,
If it is in the wind.

The wind is up, the saucy wind,
And hats are in the air—
And woe to her who unconfined,
Wears falsehood in her hair.

Alas, that some who in a calm,
Many admirers find ;
See all that made them lovely, flee
Like chaff, before the wind.

A DEATH BED SCENE.

THE glory of a North American sunset was streaming through the green branches, into the windows of an apartment in a little cottage, in the suburbs of a New England city ; the room was neatly furnished and fresh roses were in the vases over the fire-place : but yet there was an air of undefined melancholy about it, that spoke it the chamber of sickness. The white curtains were looped up about the head of the bed, and disclosed to view, a lovely female face, white as the pillows upon which she reposed. She was sleeping so calmly, so sweetly : what could it be but the foretaste of that sleep which knows no waking. Presently, however, her lips moved as though she was speaking, and she slowly opened her eyes. "Mother, dear mother?" she said in a voice low and soft as the spirit tones of a heavenly dream; a pale, sorrowful matron rose up from a shaded corner, where she had been watching through her tears, the sleep of her child, and bent anxiously over the bed. "Dear mother, I am going, be strong in the strength of *Him*;" and she raised one thin transparent finger towards Heaven: "He will support you." "My child, my dear Gertude," said the heart broken mother: and falling on her knees by the low bed, she raised her thin hands and now tearless eyes towards Heaven; she continued, "O my God snatch not this *last* comfort from me; leave me my all of earth yet a little longer—I cannot say thy will be done." "Dearest mother," said Gertudē in an imploring accent, "is it thus that you speed my passage to the bosom of my God? Is it thus you bear the parting, which you have taught me to look upon with calmness? Aye, with joy. For in Christ is it not gain to die?" "Forgive me my sweet child," exclaimed the sobbing mother; "but how shall I live without you; I have parted with them all, and borne it, for you were left me, and I could not be unhappy." "But if your Saviour, your heavenly comfort-

ter you," said Gertude, "you could not have born it." She placed her white hand over her eyes for a moment, and moved her lips as though in prayer, and then continued—"Dear mother do you remember when we were seven?" The mother answered only by a convulsive sob. "Do not weep, mother, be calm and hear me: do you not remember that when we possessed all that the world calls happiness? when peace and plenty were in our borders, and the voice of joy and gladness was within our gates, that a day never passed o'er our heads, nor an evening gathered its shades about us; but you called us around you and taught us to lay up our treasures in Heaven? and then our father knelt with you and us, and prayed that our affections might never be placed upon the fading and deceitful vanities of earth, and that all we held dear might be where moth nor dust doth not corrupt—even beneath the shadow of the Rock that is higher than we: and, mother, has not God in mercy heard that prayer? Our treasures were in each other; and one by one he has taken them home to Heaven. Father went first; he had fought a good fight; he had finished his course, his crown was waiting for him—he went home to glory. And then as though our Father in Heaven would not leave us strangers and pilgrims on earth, now that our earthly guide was taken from us; he has not ceased to call us one by one to himself. I was the last, because I was youngest in years and in grace: you last of all to prepare and fit us for the paradise of God, and come up with robes washed white in tribulation, and say here am I and the children which thou gavest me." She paused—the glow of brightness and beauty, which nothing but a death-bed gleam of Heaven can impart to the human visage, was on her countenance; as if the arms of the Almighty were already beneath her. Her mother was calmed—joyful—the yearnings of human nature were subdued—forgotten—in the glorious vista of Heaven; which was opened before her. She gazed upon her daughter as if she would have said, sister spirit tarry not, haste away to our Fathers' house where my treasures are, while I shall wait but the will of an indulgent parent, to sit down with you in the Paradise of God: where we shall go no more out forever.

Gertude, at length, broke the silence. "Beloved mother," she said, "God is here: the Angels are waiting for me; and now let us pray, for when we next meet we shall have Angels harps in our hands, and have nought to do but sing the songs of Moses and the Lamb." The mother knelt down and hid her face in the bed clothes; and the clear voice of her dying daughter went up like the savour of a sweet offering, to Heaven, in supplication for the last of the seven, who yet a little longer must remain on the earth. She prayed that she might be supported and lifted above every earthly affliction, every feeling of loneliness on the earth, that she might daily hold communion with her God, and be permitted to

join the dear departed : that the rod and the staff of the Almighty might comfort her through the valley and shadow of death. " And now Father in Heaven," she continued " bless thy child with the blessing which thou has vouchsafed to them whom thou lovest : that where thou art there they may be also—even now I am waiting for thee. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

She ceased—all was silent—the bereaved but happy mother slowly raised her head and looked at her child ; but she was not there, the ministering spirits had obeyed her summons ; and only the beautiful casket remained, the jewel which enlightened it was already in Abram's bosom.

CONVERSATION.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation, and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge. Not that we should generally meet together to talk of alkalies or angles, or to add to our stock of history or philology ; though a little of these is no bad ingredient in conversation. But, let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated, and those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, quickness, vigour, fancy, words, images, and illustrations. It decorates common things, and gives the power of trifling, without being undignified or absurd. Can all this be derived from a piano-forte, a *pas seul*, and a little Italian ? No. But give to women in early life something to acquire of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of their mature faculties ; and to excite their perseverance in future life ; teach them that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity ; and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation ; than a host of invectives and exhortations can supply. Though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination ; and in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure, which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement, by preparing those early impressions, which always come from the mother ; and which in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius. For it is only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men : if women knew more, men would learn more ; for ignorance in them would be shameful, and it would be the fashion to be well instructed.

The education of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction of the people : it increases the

pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest ; and makes marriage an intercourse of the intellect as well as of the affections, by giving dignity and importance to the female character.

The education of women also favors public morals ; it provides for every season of life, as well as for health and youth ; and leaves a woman, when stricken by the hand of time, not as she often is, destitute of every thing and neglected by all, but with the power and attractions of intelligence, diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men. Among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with respect and attention bordering on enthusiasm.

Waldie's Circulating Library.

FIRST PRINTER IN AMERICA. The first printer in North America, was Samuel Greene. The press he used, was procured by Rev. Joseph Glover, who died in 1638, on his voyage to Massachusetts. 'The Freeman's Oath' was the first thing printed, in 1639; the next, an Almanack for New England, made by one Pierce, a mariner; and the third, the New England Version of the Psalms, in 1640. Greene afterwards printed Eliot's Bible, and the Laws of Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut.

American Magazine.

TO THE READER.

WE are aware that in an undertaking of this kind little reliance will be placed on mere promises : that it is not the plot but the incident—the filling up which will be regarded by an intelligent reading community. It may nevertheless be not improper, in obedience to universal custom, to briefly state our design, and the principles by which we shall be governed in conducting the EASTERN MAGAZINE.

The work is to be purely American. It is its design to draw from the early History of our Country—from its earliest settlements—from the traditions, scattered and imperfect as they are, which remain of that singular people that formerly held undisturbed dominion in our dark forests : now passed or rapidly passing away : to describe the wild scenery : the sublime grandeur of our Mountains, Forests, Lakes, Rivers, &c. in fine, to have the work such as cannot fail to interest an American reader. Too long have our writers, been content to be humble copyers of what is foreign : have revelled in descriptions of foreign scenery, while around them on every side there is much, in comparison with which what classic Italy can present to the eye or to the imagination, is tame and uninteresting. Too long have the incidents of the tale been collected from the lands of Kings and Emperors, while the history of our dear Fathers who are fast

crumbling away has been forgotten, and much that would thrill the bosoms of our sons and daughters with holy patriotism, and inspire them with a deeper regard for our institutions, from the price of their entertainment—has been suffered to go down with our patriots to their graves, while we have been racking our invention to tell over the tales of Kings, and to describe the wonderful exploits of their sons and daughters—the princes—the dukes—the knights, who lived ages ago, and over the wide Atlantic.

It will be our endeavor to avoid every thing which can have even the most remote tendency to awaken sectarian or party prejudices. A liberal, elevated and independent course we have marked out to ourselves, and shall endeavor to pursue.

The arrangements we have made, will, we trust, enable us to fill our pages for the most part with original matter. Several writers of celebrity have given a pledge of their assistance, and we doubt not many others will favor us; with whose acquaintance we are not yet honored. Let this work be a focus for concentrating the talents which are by no means wanting in our own section of the State, and there can be no failure from scarcity of matter. Historical, Biographical, or Literary Sketches, Poetry, the Fine Arts, Botany, Mineralogy, Astronomy, &c. &c., will ever find a hearty welcome into our pages.

We are by no means blind to the merits of other Periodicals of a similar character with our own, nor is it the design of the Eastern Magazine to supplant them in the public favor. It enters as a fellow laborer in the same field; and while other Periodicals deserve and may receive a liberal support, we hope to obtain a sustaining patronage. While every village has its *political newspaper*, is it to be believed that each of the cities in Maine cannot have a *Literary Magazine*—a work distinct from the noise, clamor and strife of contending sects and parties? It would be too dark a reproach upon the intelligence of our people to so represent them. Nothing is wanting but literary enterprise, and the concentration of genius and taste.

Our terms are sufficiently moderate, and we cannot but trust that enough will be found interested in a work of this kind to carry it successfully forward.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AMERICAN POPULAR LIBRARY. BOSTON: JOHN ALLEN & Co. 1835.

For sale at the Bookstores in this city.

Bookmaking is the raging epidemic of the time. Series after series, volume after volume, essays, reviews, journals, exposes, reviews, &c. &c. pour forth from the groaning press; and, verily, we more than half believe there are more writers than readers; or at least, we are safe in asserting that more books are written than are, or ever will be read.

It is an evil that so much is written to so little purpose. The public mind is

bewildered as in a labyrinthine maze, the public taste is vitiated by the trashy productions that are brought forth without labor, except it be the labor of the printer—a mere throwing together of words and sentences without study and consequently, without order. The lovers of solid learning look back with a sigh to the times when Bacon and Locke were read; when the Spectator and Rambler and other works of a kindred character, were relished by the literati—by those who gave the tone to public sentiment; when Philosophy was read—History studied—and when Demosthenes, Cicero and Burke were counted sublime, rather than Lyttleton Bulwer.

But to the work before us. It is a neat little volume of less than three hundred pages, and in an accompanying advertisement its publishers promise to issue a similar volume once every two or three months. The editors promise us “works of standard merit, calculated to interest and instruct every class of the community;” and that none shall “be introduced into the series, unless it shall possess such a character as will secure it a continued reputation, after it shall have ceased to interest by its novelty.” If they redeem the latter pledge, they will *do* what few writers of the age have more than *promised*. They also promise what is yet more difficult to perform in a popular work; “to promote the union of polite literature, sound learning and christian morals.”

So much for what is *promised*—now for what is *performed*, so far as the present number can declare it. It is entitled “NEW ENGLAND and HER INSTITUTIONS,”—a title that of itself is enough to awaken a thrill of proud emotion in the breast of any of her sons or daughters.

Many of the descriptions are peculiarly interesting. Many passages in the “FARMER” are worthy of immortality, descriptive of what we have seen and still see around us; and though to us in the newness of our section of New England, so much of it may seem common-place, yet it deserves to be recorded for ages to come. Reflections on page 22nd, and some of the following pages are the spontaneous effusions of a philosophic mind.

The religious articles that follow are out of place. In a *popular* work sectarian preferences must be kept out of sight. They would be fine articles in a religious magazine, but a popular library should be of no sect. Difficult indeed it is to write a treatise, or even an essay on such a subject without coming in contact with the conflicting opinions of worthy christians.

The subject of “SLAVERY” is one of startling interest. The writer aims at being impartial, but it is easy enough to *mark* him. We have set him down in our note book—we leave it for the reader to do the same. The description of the slave insurrection in Virginia in eighteen hundred thirty one, is admirable, and sets before us in its true light or rather darkness, the appalling condition of society where slavery exists, and awakens in our minds a sympathy for the whites as well as for the slaves. “COLLEGE LIFE,” is an interesting article, especially the “scrape,” which also affords a useful hint to “tutors.”

“THE TRAVELLER’S HOME,” ought to be read every where, and by every body. The description of a “country tavern,” would be taken for a work of the imagination, were not the shocking reality of it so often before our eyes. Happy for us were such houses found nowhere but in the country! “IRISHMEN IN NEW ENGLAND,” sets before us truly the causes that keep in gross ignorance and barbarism the Catholic Irish among us. Protestants from the same Island soon become intelligent and civilized.

The work, as a whole, is well worth reading, and should find a place in our

private libraries. We are not however of the opinion that it deserves the name of a "popular" work. W.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. 1, A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

Whoever has read the SKETCH BOOK, SALMAGUNDI and other works, from the eloquent pen of Irving—and we pity the scholar who has not—will hail the publication of the Crayon Miscellany, as the harbinger of many an hour of intellectual feasting. Nor will that anticipation be disappointed. His pen has the magic power of converting whatever it touches into intellectual food. A tour on the wild prairies of the far west, when described by him, more interests us than the tour of Europe from an ordinary pen.

We took the present volume not without some secret misgivings, having so often attempted the journal tourists, and lagged dully on after a few of the first pages, and failed altogether ere we had reached the mid-sheet of the first of some half a dozen large otavoes. But having once opened this unpretending little volume, we were spell-bound, as we always are, when we follow the pen, and revel in the descriptions of Irving.

The work abounds in romantic paintings of the wild scenery of the western prairies, so happily varied as never to tire with that monotony so common to journalists. He knows how to be minute without dullness, lively without licentiousness, imaginative without being unnatural. His touches of character are many of them exquisite. His little Creole, Antoine, *alias* Tonish; his Indian half blood, Beatte; the Swiss Count, and indeed all his characters are happily managed, and in some respects superior to the imaginary heroes of Cooper's Prairie. How deeply he has sounded the Indian character—a theme that puzzles the most profound, and baffles the most imaginative: we are not prepared to say.

We shall await the promised numbers of the Crayon Miscellany with the interest of those, who having been often delighted, are promised the occasion of future delight. W.

We copy the following interesting scene from the above work.

"CROSSING THE ARKANSAS. We had now arrived at the river, about a quarter of a mile above the junction of the Red Fork; but the banks were steep and crumbling, and the current was deep and rapid. It was impossible, therefore, to cross at this place; and we resumed our painful course through the forest, despatching Beatte ahead, in search of a fording place. We had proceeded about a mile further, when he rejoined us, bringing intelligence of a place hard by, where the river, for a great part of its breadth, was rendered fordable by sands and bars, and the remainder might easily be swam by the horses.

'Here, then, we made a halt. Some of the rangers set to work vigorously with their axes, felling trees on the edge of the river, wherewith to form rafts for the transportation of their baggage and camp equipage. Others patrolled the banks of the river farther up, in hopes of finding a better fording place; being unwilling to risk their horses in the deep channel.

'It was now that our worthies, Beatte and Tonish, had an opportunity of displaying their Indian adroitness and resource. At the Osage village which we had passed a day or two before they had procured a dry Buffalo skin. This was now produced; cords were passed through a number of small eylet holes with which it was bordered, and it was drawn up, until it formed a kind of deep trough. Sticks were then placed athwart on the inside, to keep it in shape; our camp equipage and a part of our baggage were placed within, and the singular bark was carried down the bank and set afloat. A cord was attached to the prow, which Beatte took between his teeth, and throwing himself into the water, went ahead, towing the bark after him, while Tonish followed behind, to keep it steady and to propel it. Part of the way they had foothold, and were enabled to wade, but in the main current they were obliged to swim. The whole way they whooped and yelled in the Indian style, until they landed safely on the opposite shore.

'The Commissioner and myself were so well pleased with this Indian mode of ferriage, that we determined to trust ourselves in the buffalo hide. Our companions, the Count and Mr. L., had proceeded with the horses, along the river bank, in search of a ford which some of the rangers had discovered, about a mile and a half distant. While we were waiting for the return of our ferrymen, I happened to cast my eyes upon a heap of luggage under a bush, and descried the sleek carcass of a polecat, snugly trussed up, and ready for roasting before the evening fire. I could not resist the temptation to plump it into the river, when it sunk to the bottom like a lump of lead; and thus our lodge was relieved from the bad odour which this savory viand had threatened to bring upon it.

'Our men having recrossed with their cockle-shell bark, it was drawn on shore, half filled with saddles, saddlebags, and other luggage, amounting to a hundred weight; and being again placed in the water, I was invited to take my seat. It appeared to me pretty much like the embarkation of the wise men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl; I stepped in, however, without hesitation, though as cautiously as possible, and sat down on the top of the luggage, the margin of the hide sinking to within a hand's breadth of the water's edge. Rifles, fowling pieces, and other articles of small bulk, were then handed in, until I protested against receiving any more freight. We then launched forth upon the stream, the bark being towed as before.

'It was with a sensation half serious, half comic, that I found myself thus afloat, on the skin of a buffalo, in the midst of a wild river, surrounded by wilderness, and towed along by a half savage, whooping and yelling like a devil incarnate. To please the vanity of the little Tonish, I discharged the double barrelled gun, to the right and left, when in the centre of the stream. The report echoed along the woody shores, and was answered by shouts from some of the rangers, to the great exultation of the little Frenchman, who took to himself the whole glory of this Indian mode of navigation.

'Our voyage was accomplished happily; the Commissioner was ferried across with equal success, and all our effects were brought over in the same manner. Nothing could equal the vain-glorious vapouring of little Tonish, as he strutted about the shore, and exulted in his superior skill and knowledge, to the rangers. Beatte, however, kept his proud, saturnine look, without a smile. He had a vast contempt for the ignorance of the rangers, and felt that he had been undervalued by them. His only observation was, "Dey now see de Indian good for something any how!"

'The broad, sandy shore where we had landed, was intersected by innumerable tracks of elk, deer, bears, racoons, turkeys, and water-fowl. The river scenery at this place was beautifully diversified, presenting long, shining reaches, bordered by willows and cottonwood trees; rich bottoms, with lofty forests; among which towered enormous plane trees, and the distance was closed in by high embowered promontories. The foliage had a yellow autumnal tint, which gave to the sunny landscape the golden tone of one of the landscapes of Claude Lorraine. There was animation given to the scene, by a raft of logs and branches, on which the Captain and his prime companion, the Doctor, were ferrying their effects across the stream; and by a long line of rangers on horseback, fording the river obliquely, along a series of sand bars, about a mile and a half distant.'

ESTHER, WITH A POEM BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

This is a sweet little volume of about seventy pages—in which the tender and beautiful story of Esther, the Jewish Queen of Persia is told with all its native simplicity, and yet in the more attractive style of modern composition. Attached to it is a short Poem by Miss Gould: one of her pathetic effusions that smooths its way to your heart. We recommend it to Sabbath School Teachers, and the lovers of the beautiful and good in literature generally.

MARIE, THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER.

This is an *unauthored* little Poem, lately published in New York. Its greatest fault seems to be that it contains a great deal more of language than either poe-

try or measure. It however has no lack of incident, and the *story* is rather well told.

BORDER TALES, 1 vol. by JAMES HALL, Author of *Legends of the West*, &c.

This very neat volume contains seven Tales, illustrative of Character, Manners, and Customs on the western frontier of this country. As a literary composition it is by no means without merit, and as a national work it is worthy of an attentive perusal.

THE FINE ARTS.

WE know of few things which contribute more to the moral and intellectual elevation of a place, than the liberal patronage of the FINE ARTS. There is something ennobling in the contemplation of a finished piece of the workmanship of skill and genius: whether in the line of Architecture, Sculpture or Painting. With respect to Architecture, there needs no argument in favor. Beautiful and well constructed buildings are not only a great ornament to a town, but a convenience to its individual inhabitants; so much so that even with the selfish there is no danger of Architecture meeting neglect. But with respect to the others, though the benefit resulting from them may be comparatively as great; they are not so obvious. With Sculpture, however, as being an extremely expensive indulgence of taste and fancy, as in New England—we *do*, we *can* dispense: but with Painting, which somebody has called the very life of beauty, we need not fear being too familiar. Whoever looked upon a beautiful landscape, or a correct delineation of the human face divine, and grudged the time so nobly employed in imitating the beauties of creation; and the expense incurred in making the treasure his own?

We were led to these remarks by an accidental call at the Painting Room of Mr. PENNEY, Portrait and Miniature Painter, in this city. Of Mr. Penney's Portraits we had not an opportunity of judging, but of his Miniatures we do not hesitate to speak in terms of high commendation. We hope he will meet with patronage, such as his merits in his art entitles him to expect. I know of nothing so precious, especially in absence, as the image of one we love; which we can hide with all its speaking countenance in our bosoms, and feel to be our own; and especially if the delineation is delicate and correct, and the imitation good. The illusion is almost complete. We think Mr. Penney excels in the delicacy and execution of his art, and we have no hesitancy in recommending him to the patronage of the Metropolis of down east.

UNION FEMALE EDUCATION SOCIETY, in this city, for the education of indigent female children. To this *new name* among us, having in view as it does, the mental well-being of that frequently most unfortunate class, the female poor; we extend a cordial right hand of fellowship. It is a praise-worthy object, and should claim the attention of the benevolent and good. A great deal can be done by union and perseverance. We trust many, very many, who, without its influences would have had none to teach them the way in which they should go, will be not only lights in their sphere of action here, but will have Angels harps in their hands in a better world.